FLORAL ARRANGEMENT FOR THE STATE OF INDEPENDENT PUBLISHING

||||| MARK CUGINI

In the final days of the gilded age, the last remaining son of Cornelius Vanderbilt buried a horse's heart in the forest and took a shit in the hole. This is how railroads were invented; every last one of us was jealous. From the pulpit of the Wells Fargo Intersectional Art Center at The Funeral For Things I Used To Care About, a famous poet reminds the audience of the importance of demanding one's worth, specifically in relation to financial compensation at literary events. So I rob a bank with a rotten banana. It goes fantastically—the patrons erupt with erotic glee as the security guards aim their revolvers & FAFSA money falls from the sky (at a 27% interest rate). The tellers take me to the vault, which is full of dead crickets. Every one of them will be kinder to me than any capitalist ever has.

WREATH

CROSS

STANDING SPRAY

Mark Cugini is the author of *I'm Just Happy To Be Here* (Ink Préss, 2014). Their work has appeared in *The Lifted Brow*, *Sink Review*, *Hyperallergic*, *Barrelhouse*, *Noö*, and *Hobart*, among others. They are the managing editor of Big Lucks Books. They are co-organizer of Whale Prom, an alternative AWP book fair. They grew up in Staten Island but now live in Austin, Texas.

Your idea of misery: *to submit*.

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